What are fears but voices alry,
Whispering harm where harm is not,
And deluding the unwary
Till the fatal bolt is shot? What is glory !- in the socket

See how dying tapers fare! What is pride?—a whizzing rocket That would emulate a star. What is friendship !- do not trust her

Nor the your which she has made; Diamonds dart their brightest lustre From a palsy shaken head. What is truth !- a staff rejected

Duty !-- an unwelcome clog;
Joy !-- a moon by fits reflected
in a swamp or watery bog; Bright as if through either steering, To the Traveller's eye it shone: He hath halled its reappearing,— And as quickly it is gone;

Such is joy,—as quickly hidden, Or misshapen to the sight, And by sullen weeds forbidden To resume its native light.

What is youth?—a dancing billow, (Winds behind, and rocks before!) Age?—a drooping, tottering willow On a flat and lazy shore. What is peace?—when pain is over And love ceases to rebel, Let the last faint sigh discover That precedes the passing-knell!

SELECTED STORIES.

Winning a Wife. THE STORY OF AN OLD YOUNG MAN.

Joseph Hannaford was an old young man Joseph Hamaford was an old young man. Care and responsibility had come to him ear-ly in life, for he was not more than sixteen when his father died, and left his mother and his young sister to his keeping. There was property enough for them all, to be sure, but it was chiefly in land and stock sure, but it was chieffy in fand and stock, and needed Joseph's vigilant superintendence to make it profitable. This superintendence he gave faithfully end willingly, and never once complained that to do so forced him to resign sundry secretly cherished personal ambitions of his own. But all this responsibility wrought its own work upon his nature—made him provident, thoughtful cal-culating, thrifty—precisely an old young

This state of things continued for ter years. Then his sister married, and re moved to the next town. His mother desired to accompany her and was only pre-vented by the difficulty which attended obtaining a suitable housekeeper for Jo-

You perceive, therefore, that at twenty-six Mr. Joseph Hannaford was in a position where marriage became convenient and de-sirable. Otherwise, I rather think, he was quite too well disciplined to have cherished any idle fancies or importune longings. Whether before this epoch he had ever suffered any truant thoughts to wander in

the direction of Miss Carrie Fay, who had been growing toward her sweet womanhood not very far from his door, I cannot conecture. I only know that about this time he began to discover that her eyes were blue, and her hair golden, her cheeks were flower o' the peach, and her lips blossomed with a sweetness which he longed to taste. He told her those things in some discreet fashion of his own, and she—he was her first over and the right of discovery has gone for a good deal in all ages.

Every one said he was making a great nistake. The neighbors thought they knew what he wanted a great deal more than himself did; and was sure that a good strong, thrifty girl used to working and would be just the one for him Carwas an orphan, but an uncle who had no children of his own, had kept her from feeling any sense of loneliless or desolation by his constant and fatherly kindness. Unler his roof she had grown up to seventeen years, and at that period the old your man had come along and wooed and won her.

Her uncle felt secretly uncomfortable, for he understood just what Carrie was better than any one else did; and he knew that i would be no easy matter to make a working bee out of a golden-winged butterfly. But, on the other hand, Carrie was evidently in ove with her suitor; and Mr. Hannaford was certainly well to-do-quite able to marry to please himself, and make is wife comfortable in her own way afterward. So, in due time, the wedding took place and Carrie Hannaford went away to her new home, where before very long, a change over the spirit of her dream.

She had begun by first idealizing, and then adoring her lord and master. He was certainly well-looking, in a kind of regular, massive way. His face had in it not much suggestion of sentiment. His eyes were clear and shrewd, though kind, and his lips were firm and rather thin. He knew beauty when he saw it, but he would never be ruled through his senses.

His features were well-shaped. There was power in his face. He was a man who knew how to say no to himself and to others, There was a manly vigor and symmetry in his well-knit frame; and in short, he possessed a good many of the attributes which making up of a girl's hero. But Mistress Carrie reckoned without her host when she proposed to make a post matrimonial lover out of him.

He evidently did not believe in connubial

love-making. Philandering, as he called it, was not to his tastes. Courting was very well in its way. It had not been without its shy delights to him. But they were mar ried now, and it was time to settle down and begin life as they could hold out. Their wedding was in September; and when the late October winds blew away the sapless withered leaves, Carrie felt as if her which had blossomed so fairly, were blow-ing with the leaves, and withered as they, down the wind.

She was a conscientious, well-intentioned

little creature, and she tried her best to put aside all these feelings which she taught h said an these lectings which she taught her-self to believe were morbid and ungrateful. She was constantly striving to justify Jo-seph, and making little pleas for him at the bar of her heart. He was nine years older than she; it would not be natural for his to have so much romance. Of course he loved her; why else would he have married her? What a goose she was to expect of a big, strong busy man the little softnesses which belong to and delight women. Then she would try to be brave; make a pretty litshe would try to be brave; make a pretty in-tle toilet, perhaps; wear the dress and the ribbons he had praised six months ago; and meet him, her bright eye with hope, her cheeks pink with expectation. Was he blind to all this—such an old young man that the dayless of youth had no longer for that the devices of youth had no longer for him any language? At any rate, he made

How dull and prosy and commonplace were the long winter evenings which they passed together. They got through supper passed together. They got through s and were seated before the Franklin st their little sitting room, at six o'clock, punctually; and for three mortal hours they sat in unbroken quiet, he reading his newspapers through and through, and she watch-ing him, and wondering, wondering, won-dering whether life was to go on at this dead forever. Punctually as the clock nine, he would get up, light his lan-go his nightly rounds among the cows tern, go his nightly rounds among the cows and oxen and horses. Then he would come grew to hate the precise epoch at which he pulled off his boots. It seemed to her that if just up to that pass she could bear on si lently, but as if then she must utter som

outery, or silence and constraint would choke her.

Once or twice she made some few forlorm attempts to better the condition of things, brighten them up if possible. Once she planned the beguilement of a little supper. Having made all ready beforehand, while he was out upon his evening round, she stewed some cysters and brewed some coffee, fondly fancying her small feast would be a success; but the wise old young man would not see but the wise old young man would not see the fun. He did not believe in oysters at he knew. As for coffee, he was sure a single cup would keep him awake all night; but if Carrie would take such things at nine o'clock, and not have them hurt her, he had

One day in May her husband came to her with the proposal that they should take a summer boarder. He put the matter in the most ungracious way, as is the matrimonial wont of precisely this class of men. As she would be having a hired girl any way, he said,—and he used in saying it in a tone which made her feel herself a monster of extravagence, they might implemental her. One day in May her husband came to her which made her feet herself as a minimum of the extravagance—they might just as well have something to keep her busy; and this boarder who wanted to come, this Mr. Hugh Waring, would pay well, and make very little trouble. He knew this, because three years ago, in his mother's time, Waring had boarded with them for some

Of course Mistress Carrie consented,-for what could she do else !- and kept secret her own dissatisfaction with the prospec It only took Mr. Waring's arrival, how ever, to reconcile her to his presence. With his first deferential bow over her hand, she became his willing hostess. He was a person of such type as the young wife had never before, in her short quiet life encountered,— a man of wealth sud of leisure, high-bred,

scholarly, and belonging to the ancient or-der of gentlemen. He was a handsomer man than one often meets, with his clearly cut features, his warm coloring, and the chestnut hair and flowing beard, which the eye matched.

He was not an old young man. Impuls was strong within him; discipline had not yet taught him discretion. When he felt

strongly he would speak strongly, and, perhaps, act recklessly: but, under ordinary circumstances, he had the aplomb and the cool self-possession of a man of the world. Very soon he began to perceive that to board with the Hannafords now was a slightly different thing from what it had been in the administration of Joseph Hannaford's self-contained mother and sister. Jo-seph Hannaford's wife was altogether another order of woman. It may be questioned

whether she would have made any serious impression on him had he met her as Miss Carrie Fay. But, since her marriage, a soul-subduing pathos had grown into her look, which somehow went to his heart. Perhaps, too, the strongest appeal which can be made to a man's chivalry, is the sight of a sad and

disappointed woman, who neither parades nor confesses her misery.

Hugh Waring was not a bad man. In some respects, indeed, his heart and his life were purer and fresher than those of most men. He certainly meant no harm to his fair young hostess. He would not have added a feather's weight to the burden which had already borne so hardly upon her life. But he commenced pitying her; and love has been pity's neighbor ever since the world began,

He was gentle and tender to her as no one had ever been before. He was not too busy to notice the blush roses in her hair, or the blushes on her cheeks. If she liked a wild flower he had brought home, he made light of a long tramp to fetch her its kindred. While she sewed he read to her, and taught her to love Keats, and Shelly and Browning At nightfall he used to sing to her, while her husband was busy with the late "chores" with which a New England farmer fills up the summer twilights, -sweet, suggestive ove-songs, and old ballads, which have fultered down through the centuries their tear-

All this time I doubt if he had thought of danger to himself or her. She certainly never had. Her delight was pure and sweet, She would have said, if any one had ques tioned her, that Mr. Waring was her friend, the best friend she had ever had; but, unquestioned, she did not say even so much as that to herself. She scarcely knew that it was summer with her heart, as well as with the year; or that the summer day was fly-Nor did anything in the aspect of affairs

make her husband uneasy. To do this young man, whom perhaps circumstances, rather than nature, had made old, justice, he was neither mean nor ungenerous. His confidence in this young wife of his was perfect. She loved him; she was his to have and to hold; why should he grudge her a few hour which some one else made pleasant after a fashion not his own? I do rie was pretty and fanciful, and dainty. She | was likely to lose anything by his generosity or that any amount of suspicious esponage on his part would have served his own cause There came, at last, an evening of revela

tion to the two who were going on so blind ly; or perhaps it had come to Waring be-fore. He had been sitting silently through the sunset, watching the play of the warm light on Mrs. Hannaford's fair face and golden hair. She looked won-lerfully young and helpless, with her extreme delicacy, he appealing eyes, and her soft, white dress, made as simple as a babe's, and girdled with blue ribbon. A languor, born, perhaps of the summer heats, oppressed her. She dropped toward him, leaning her head upon her hand, and looking frail as a snow wreath which a wind might blow away. Waring sat silently, as I said, and watched her, until the sunset lights had gone out of her hair, and a curious awe began to steal over him, as he saw her through the gathering shadows, white and still, and unearthly as spirit. Then, out of the semi-darkness, his roice came to her in a sort of chant, too low and even to be sung:

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, i vain; And sweet is death that puts an end to pain; I know not which is sweeter-no, not l

Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death mus be; Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me. Oh, love! if death be sweeter, let me die.

Sweet love that seems not made to fade awayclay, I now not which is sweeter—no, not I.

Her tears were falling last before he had finished. A spell was upon her which she did not understand, and could not evade. Still she kept silence, and waited for his words-words which, when they came, pierced her like a sword.
"Mrs. Hannaford, I think I must go away to-morrow. It is midsummer, and all the hav is down."

"But I thought," she faltered timidly, you were to stay the summer through."
"So I should, if all things had been as of old. It is not good for me to be here under the new regime."
"I have tried," she began; and then

stopped. Her tears choked her. She could not go on, and tell him in simple commonpaces, that she had tried to make him con "If you had done no more than you tried

to do, all would have been well," he cried his tones fervent with sudden passion. "I saw you just what you were, and you hus-band just what he was. I saw how it was in you to give to some man; how little you were even asked to give to him? God help us both, for I have learned to love you. I covet my neighbor's wife-I dare not stay

She said nothing; but he heard through the stillness the bitter sobbing which she strove to smother. It was more than he could bear. He crossed over to her, but he did not take her in his arms. Some shield of purity was about her which still held him away from her, though he was close at

"Carrie," he said, calling her for the first time by her name, "I must go away to-mor-row, but you shall go, too, if you will. Your love would be worth to me any sacrifice. What would mine be worth to you? You know just how much you husband cares for you. You have seen what life with him is. Do you think it would break his heart to lose you! I tell you, no. He would very composedly get a divorce from you, and marry more wisely next time. You would be free in a few months, and the mo ment you were free, you should be my wife.

"Then will you come? I think I can make life a different thing for you from what it ever has been. You shall know what it is to be loved by a man with a man's heart in him. Will you come, or will you settle back on the old life, and send me away alone to curse the fate that ever brough to the knowledge of you?"

He stopped, and then she could hear his He stopped, and then she could hear his heart beat in silence. Temptation beset her solely. How sweet this love would be of which he spoke—this love for which she had so hungered—this passionote lover's love, which Joseph Hannaford would never give her. She had a temperament to which love was the supreme thing. It was her one idea of heaven. But she had not gone far enough away from the innocence of childhood for her guardian angel to have forsaken her. Clearly, as if some human voice had spoken it, she heard a whisper. fields, and the clouds opening gates of flame into the celestial kingdom.

When they reached home at last, after the her out, and held her a moment in her arms while he kissed her. She felt herself blushing like a girl. As for him, in his strife to win her heart anew, there was more of excitement and endeavor than he had ever

saken her. Clearly, as if some human voice had spoken it, she heard a whisper, which came again and again, and would be coffee she had poured out for him in vain, he was none the wiser.

Slowly the winter wore away, "the long season of snows and sina." Birds came back from over the seas and began to sing. In the darkness she did not see her hus back from over the seas and began to sing. Violets opened shy blessoms. Green-blades sprang up greenly; and even Carrie Hannasprang up greenly; and began to remember that she here the would have spoken, but somehow he felt the excitement of her mood, and tried to obey the voice. But she could not collect had powen it, she heard a whisper, which came again, and would be obeyed—"Pray!" She got up at last, and saying to Hugh Waring nothing but 'Wait,' went away to her own room.

In the darkness she did not see her hus band, who sat there in an arm-chair, too tired to care for a light, and waiting for her. He would have spoken, but somehow he felt the excitement of her mood, and tried to obey the voice. But she could not collect hat began to remember that she her that she there if the mean losing her, which came again and again, and would be lover. Having felt himself near losing her, which mages of Guinevere and Cleopatra. "Confound it!" he exclaimed, starting up as worth his while.

She went in-doors quite at fault about herself. Whom, then, did she love? Could it be that she was so weak as to be the constant only to what was present? Had Hugh Waring strong tenderness taken such slight hold on her light nature that she could be happy with another on the very day he had gone away sorrowfully? Then the carried away he sat leave to the clock struck twelve, "what does this mean?" and he went resolutely to bed.

Two hours are the clock struck twelve, "what does this went away to her oway to her was worth his while.

She went in-doors quite at fault about herse

come, over and over again-"Help, Lord, she reflected that this other was her hus band, in whom only her happiness ought to lie. What then? She would not think out her puzzle. Instead with hope young again in her heart, she made her hair smooth, help."
Vaguely Joseph Hannaford comprehended that she was passing through the crisis of an agony such as he, in all his placid life, had never experienced or witnessed. Some intuition withheld him from trying to comfort her-made him feel how idle would be any consolation which he could offer; but when at last she left the room, he arose and

but I do not think that this is love which

we feel for each other. You pitied me be

to do. And then I did love my husband

heaven. I do believe that you would be faithful and tender, but your best tenderness

ould not console me if I had lost, for your

sake, my own soul; and I should grow old,

and sad, and be a burden to you presently."
I think not—I think never!" Waring

cried passionately. "Oh, Carrie! I could

make you happy."
"Not in despite of God," she said slowly, and then she turned away.
Standing still in her shadow, her husband

watched her go up stairs, and then he stole

noiselessly out of doors, for he was wise

What in him was really true and noble,

and worthy of a woman's loving, came out

now, as never before. He looked straight

into his own heart, with eyes that tried to be as just as the justice of heaven.

He did not stop to blame Hugh Waring

as a hotter tempered man might have done. He understood just how Carrie's sad, sweet

As for Carrie herself, he seemed to have

only now begun to love her at all. He

At last he saw from the covert where he

rapidly down the path as if trying to escape

lit a light, and looked at the clock. It was

nidnight; now at last, he would go up stairs

to his wife. He found her lying, with white

still face, upon the scarcely whiter pillow. He knew that she was not asleep, but he saw that she wished him to think her so,

and, respecting her wish, he got to bed

The next day making some excuse of just

received letters, Hugh went away. For one moment, just before he left, he managed to see Mrs. Hannaford alone, though she had

carefully avoided him all the morning.
"Do I bid you good-bye forever?" he

asked, looking into those sad, entreating eyes of hers, which had wrought his woe.

me out into the world a wayfarer, with-

is, when we come to death and judgment.

spoken to her such words of loving tender-

Why, she might live to be eighty-people

along with the work without me, and I should like to see a little more of my wife,

She tripped up stairs for her shawl and her turban hat, feeling more light of heart than she would have believed, two hours

ago, could be possible.

Have I made you understand aright, I

wonder, this little woman's uncommon type of character? If she had had a stronger and

deeper individuality, she would have been

less easy to content. Now she asked only

for enough love. She had a nature which

needed summer days and sunshine-lips

fingers. Love per se was more to her than

any particular lover; and, as she had said, she had loved her husband first. But love

she must have, or life to her was utterly

without hope or savor. She had intellect enough to understand Waring's tastes; but

intellect was not her specialty. She had

monster because her heart was growing so glad, as she bowled along by her husband's

side over the pleasant country roads, with the sunset light upon the fair, new-mown

noon and stars had risen, her husband lifted

ripe for kisses; fond, smiling eyes, cling

new that I have her all to myself again.

did sometimes, and she was only o

eased by a little her woe.

God bless you, and forgive me."

"I think that is best," she said gently,

om himself. Then he went into the house,

enough not to go to her.

bad worse.

in her heart, she made her hair smooth, her dress tasteful and went down stairs to sit in the moonlight besides the man from whose coldness, only last night she had been tempted to flee away.

Do not ask me for a running commentary on my story. I show you a woman as she was. If you cannot comprehend her, on account of her strange moods, be sure that you are no worse off than he was, for she did not at all comprehend herself. stole after her. A deep, yearning tenderness for her filled his soul tull. He thought he had never loved her half so well in his life and what this trouble was which was break ing her heart he must know.

Down stairs she went, and into the dim room where Hugh Waring waited for her; t all comprehend herself.

For a few days her husband's newly-born

For a few days her husband's newly-born devotion made her happy. Then a reaction came over her, and she was wretched. The better satisfied she became with him, the more dissatisfied she became with him, the more dissatisfied she became with herself. Not a caress did he give her that she did not think—" Would he do this, and this, if he knew how near I had come to loving some one else?" She grew at last to shrink secretly from every demonstration of his love; and he, watching her keenly, felt that somehow the past was raising a barrier between them and wondered sadly if his best endeavors were to fail, and this wite of his heart was never again to be fully and freely his own. and her husband stood just outside the open door, and listened breathlessly for her word. She spoke at first with a certain feverish eagerness, as if she doubted her own strength, and must hurry through with what she had to say before it failed her; but, as she went on, a deeper and calmer earnest-ness grew into her words. "Your tenderness," she said, "has made life very sweet to me. I never knew what it was before to have a friend who cared for the same things I cared for; and no one else was ever so gentle to me as you have been

I did not know how much you were to me more than I want any other earthly thing; his own. As for her, she grew thin and pale. Her bright lips were bright no longer, her eyes had dark rings under them. Night after night she lay awake and thought, and cause you saw that my life was a disappointment-that I was lonely and unreconciled to my fate; but I do not believe you would thought, come always to the same cone thought, come always to the same conclusion—she had no right to his love until he knew all: and if he knew all, he himself would withdraw it from her. She was not ready to trust him, because he had been so old for his years, so fixed in his ways so unimpassioned during all the first months of their married life, that she could not believe it would be in his power either to understand or forgive her. So she went on, bearing her burden through slow days and silent nights, until the anniversary of their wedhave chosen me out of a world full of women, if you had found me free and happy. As for what I teel for you-but I will not talk about that not talk about that-I have my duty first. If he had loved me in the way I once fancied that he did, I should have gone on feeling the same for him forever. And I know I could love him even now if he cared to be again my lover. In any case I will be true to him. I will not make myself unfit to meet my dead father and mother again in nights, until the anniversary of their wedding day came round.

Through the day her uncle and his wife were with them, and a few other friends.

The little festival was of the husband's plan-ning, and the wife felt that in barely living through it, in bearing and answering congratulations upon her happy fate, she had gone to the uttermost limit of her endurance. The guests wondered at this white, still wraith, the unwifelike bride, this woman whom a single year seemed to have turned to a stone. Joseph Hannaford's heart sank within him. Was nothing, then, left for him but to plant rosemary over the grave of his hopes? How thankful he was when the last guest was gone. He came then and stood by the side of his wife, and drew a

ring from his pocket.

"I don't know that you will care for it now," he said; "but I got this ring to give you as the token of a new bridal. If you could love me to-day as well as you did one year ago I could make you happier, for I understand better what love means to women."

face and lonely seeming life, had touched the man's heart, and so forgave him, even for the rashness which would have made She drew away the hand he had taker brilliant color flamed in her cheeks, and her heart throbbed chokingly, but a courage which was half desperation shope from her eyes. She spoke passionately. "You must not put that ring on; you

opened his eyes and saw what he had been oing when he took into his keeping this must never say one tender word to me again mere girl, this young creature whose natural aliment was love, and then deliberately starved her—expected her to be as self-conuntil you know me just as I am."

Then told clearly, steadily, unfalteringly, without reserve or concealment, her story came. It was the story of her whole martained and independent as his mother had been. How recklessly he had been throwing away his pearl of great price. But what if it were not altogether too late for him to recover it? She had loved him once ried life; her disappointment because he did not love her enough; her patient little en-deavors to please him, which bore no fruit; then Hugh Waring's interest and tenderness, and, last of all, his love, and the strong —she had said that she could love him, even now, if he cared again to be her lover. temptation it was to her. And then she cried almost with a sob—"It has nearly Did he not care? His pulses began to throb, killed me to have you so good and kind as you have been lately. Every fond word or deed has pierced me like a knife, for I very much as if he were not an old young man. If love, tender and patient, could win her back, she should yet be more his own than ever, please heaven.

He would never pain her, he resolved, by telling her what he had heard. If ever she have thought how different you would be if you knew it all. And the more I loved you the more wretched I became." He took her close into his arms, in a clasp felt near enough to him again to confide in

him, her confidence should come unforced and unsought. But he would use every which meant peace and pardon, and, above all, love. He bent over her, and said fonder happy. He would not be too proud to night before Waring left, and it never turned me from you for a single hour. I blar myself too much to blame you." knock again at her heart's door, would any tender voice bid him enter? She felt as if her beart, which had been stood, with eyes grown used to the dark-ness, Hugh Waring come out and walk breaking with woe before, would burst no with rapture. "Joe," she cried, "you are divine!"

" No, dear, very human; but I love you. Are you ready to wear my pledge?"

So, in the gathering darkness, he slippe his ring upon her finger, and in the joy of a new bridal they two were made one. The next day she wrote two lines, which she sent to an address Hugh Waring had given her, the direction of his New York

bankers:
"Mr. Waring—I am, and always shall be, your faithful friend, but I love my hus-The little messenger was sent after him over seas, to find him by Rhine or Rhone,

wherever his errant steps were wandering Let us hope when he read it, it cured hi

The Yellow Ribbon. Dr. Annan sat in his office, casting up

"unless you can come back as much my husband's as mine."

He bent over hand, and left on it the kiss he had never dared to press upon her yearly accounts. "Yes," he said, after care ful consideration, "I think I can get a carpe "I want to tell you that you have done right. You have refused me the only thing I cared for in life. You have sent and some new chairs here next year. want one new chair, anyway," moving u easily; "I ought to paint and paper, too. I wonder if I could afford to do both? If I out a hope or an interest, but you have done right. We shall be thankful, both of made my old harness last, I could; perhaps I can find a second-hand one." Like many other country physicians, Dr Annan, though well educated and of unusua He was gone before she could answer him,

and she heard him saying good bye to her husband in the yard. Was she never to see ability, was poor. His was a hard, prosaic life to one of his temperament and culture but he saw no gleam of hope in the future. that handsome, loving face again in all time?

—never to hear again that voice which had There he was settled, there he must die. He was interrupted by a summons to ness? Was it her destiny to go on in the old, cold life, till she was an old, old woman? ady visitor at the rectory. In a moment he had stepped from the dingy office and his dingy figures to a room filled with bits of tropics, in the shape of rich bright shawls The late July was warm and bright and jewels, with fragments of Parisian fancy, with flower cups dispensing the hue out of doors, but she was strangely cold. She got a shawl and wrapped herself in it, and glow of a last summer's heaven, and on a sofa a woman, pressing her hand to he

and then some idle tears, of which she was hardly conscious, fell till they had somehow Dr. Annan sat down by her, laid his fing Mr. Hannaford was wise enough to stay on her pulse, and looked down on her face. Where had she come from, this concretion of creamy delicacy and deep sparkaway from her all the afternoon. Before teashe tried to make herself fresh and bright for him. She would not half do her ling bloom, with full, rich life kindling every fibre? In the world, whence she had luty.
When the meal was over she saw with wandered hither, were there others like surprise that her husband's favorite fast her, fit to be her mates, nurtured as she horse and light wagon stood in front of the had been, living the life she had lived? Dr Annan was a plain country doctor, thirty years old, just from calculations about a "Will you go over to Danbury with me?" he asked, following the direction of her second-hand harness; but as he sat with his hand on that hot brow, I am sfraid his reflec "Can you get away? I thought at this time of day you were always so busy." tions were not exactly of nerve disturbance and his infallible pharmacopeia. "Yes, but the busiest days are over. The hay crop is almost in. The rest can get along with the work without me, and I

"Have you been subject to these attacks?" he asked at length.
"Yes," answered Miss Eno, for the last fer reeks. This is the worst, though." "There is a serious derangement of th nervous system," he said, "and it will take ime to cure it." "But you can give me something to re-lieve this pain, can't you, doctor?" and the large, melting eyes looked up at him with in-

finite entreaty.
"Certainly," he replied, "something tem porary, for to-night. But I must see you again if I am to do you much good." "If you will only give me relief now, said Miss Eno, "I shall be so grateful that will be glad to see you again as often as you

At home once more in his shabby office there came another knock, and his landlady appeared at the door. 'It's Mrs. Green' "And what is the matter now with Mrs. Green's child?" asked he impatiently.
"His mother thinks he's eaten someth that isn't good for him, and it's got sangi round his heart," replied Mrs. Tompkins. "Tangled round his granny!" exclaim Dr. Annan. "Is the woman outside!"

intellect was not her specialty. She had little originality, and could never make of her fined a kingdom. But she was pure and sweet, with a native-born conscientionaness which would be likely to carry her safely through places which might have been full of peril for far stronger women; and a capacity for self-devotion, if she could only be loved tender enough t. call it forth, which in itself was infinite.

She remembered how sad Waring might be at this hour, and felt herself an unfeeling monster because her heart was growing so "Yes, she's here."
"Tell her to come in. Well, Mrs. Gree what has your boy been gorging himself with now?"
"I can't tell, sir," said Mrs. Green. "I've

given him every remedy I know of."
"No wonder he don't get better then,"
muttered the doctor, and sat without speaking for several minutes. "I'd been taking home some fine things, pursued Mrs. Green, "that I'd been getting pur for the lady at the rectory, and as I see the light in here I thought Pd stop."

Dr. Annan faced round and stared fixedly at the woman. She had the handling, then, of the lace and frills that clung to that soft warm needs.

soft warm neck.

soft, warm neck.

"She's quite poorly to-night," continued
Mrs. Green. "Maybe you've been there."

eath hot on his wrists the whole night breath hot on his wrists the whole night, and the grasp of his will centered on her physical being. Every now and then the snowy eyelids would tremble and half raise, and through his whole frame would run a thrill, as if it were some delicate musical instrument roused to action by a note struck upon another in perfect unison.

When the morning began to steal through the window, he withdrew his almost stiffened fingers, and, laying his hand on the wavy masses of hair, bent low over the sleeper. Did his lims touch her brow!—Mrs. Everett.

Did his lips touch her brow!—Mrs. Everett, in her chair by the fire, almost thought so, but the next moment he was tiptoeing his

way out of the room.
"Can I know the outward cause of al this?" he asked, the next morning.
"I do not think the knowledge guide you at all," replied Miss Eno. "There, are details, of course, of time and place, persons and circumstances; but the thing itself, the shock—for it was a shock—was not peculiar."
"I beg your pardon! Everything that

happens to you must be peculiar."
"You are mistaken. I am not an uncon mon woman," said Miss Eno.
"I do not know," answered he, not seen a great many people—I begin to think I have never seen any." "Doctor," said she, your flattery is because it is so uncon "I did not mean to flatter," said he, look

ing even graver than before.

Immersed in his profession, Dr. Annan had heretofore no time for love; in fact he had regarded it as only a school girl's past time. But now, after weeks which might have been a Hasheesh dream, he awoke suddenly to realize his folly.

One morning Miss Eno announced to him

her departure the next day, and was startled by an abrupt, hoarse avowal of devo-tion, such as the knights of old felt for the bright particular star of their idolatry. She turned around and looked at him steadily with parted lips and wondering eyes. Then she raised her hand and lifted away the masses of brown hair from his and let the soft, warm weight rest there, while she continued to gaze wistfully "Do not try me too long," said he, his

lips quivering.
"No, I ought not," returned Miss Eno "and I ought not to do this, taking her hand away; but I was thinking, I was wondering, whether I could rest upon such levotion, whether it alone would be enough "I know I have nothing else to offer you,

said Annan, bitterly.
"I thank you for it sincerely," said she while a happy smile broke over her face.

But—," and her face clouded. Dr. Annan understood it, and took up his "Give me something of yours to keep,

he said, hesitatingly.

She took from her arm a little fancy bracelet tied with a knot of amber ribbo He placed it next his heart The next morning in his office, Dr. Annan heard the rumble of a carriage. He stepped out upon his little wooden stoop and sow the enchantress pass. She waved her hand to him. He gazed after the carriage till it turned the corner to the railroad str tion, entirely out of sight: then his eyes wandered vacantly to the hills across the river. How low and dim they looked. How dry, matted and dusty the grass at the side of the street! How shabby the little yellow houses! How mean and pretentions the smart glistening Gothic villa at the end of the row. He turned into his den again and drew the bolt.

Five years rolled around. At the high window of the St. Nicholas, in New York, stood Miss Eno, in a sad and weary attitude She had just returned from Europe. She was looking at the gleams of light spring into the windows around, and speculating on the riches gathered inside; watching the human stream below-in particular one lit tle body with woolen hood and bundle, who threaded her way eagerly, but without nervousness, and with a certain, hap cheerful gate, which told that she was go to a home, and had a loving heart to res upon. Miss Eno suddenly turned to her companion and said, "Ernina, you know I believe in impulses! I have one to go and see Mrs, Everett, the minister's wife, in Groton, for a few days. You will not be afraid to stay here alone without me?"
Ernina Starr turned slowly around. "Now,

Zara, there is something behind this! a scheme of some kind." "I never thought of it till within the last five minutes, Ernina. I'll be back, perhaps. in two days." "And perhaps in—"
Zarah turned and went into her bed room.

and the next morning was on her way. Dr. Annan was sitting down to supper at night after a long, cold ride among his patients. Suddenly the bell rang.
"Well," he said, looking up wearily, as
the servant entered. The girl put a small parcel into his hand, and went out again.

The doctor paused a moment. There was something in the dainty way in which the little parcel was tied up—a delicate fragance that reminded him of his one dream of happiness.
"What a fool I am!" he said suddenly "that is dead and buried long ago. And yet, and yet..."

He did not finish the sentence; br thought how different it might have been it Miss Eno could have loved him. Mechanically he untied the parcel, and opened a lit-tle box it contained. A bracelet, tied with yellow ribbon, lay before him.

After a few moments he rose and went to a desk, which he opened. In this desk was a secret drawer, and from that drawer he drew forth a second bracelet, also tied with vellow ribbon, the exact counterpart of the

"Where did the parcel come from?" he asked, as the servant, whom he rang for, entered. "From Mrs. Everett's."

"Was any message left with it?" The doctor put on his hat and strode rapidly down the street. He seemed ten years younger than an hour ago. Very soon found himself in the presence of Miss Eno. She rose, flurriedly, to receive him. As for him, he was trembling like a boy.

"I have kept the bracelet," he said.

"See! And I have never loved any one but ou. You have come to reward me? "Yes, I have come."

That was all. A few days after Miss Eno went back t New York.
"I am going to be married," she said, t "And that heart-break, which happened just before you went to Groton, five

There is the secret. I found at Grotor one who spoke as if his love was real, and not the sham we have offered to us in the world here. But my wound was not yet cured, nor my new found disbelief in all men. I went back after five years and found him waiting for me, "I think at last," she said softly," "I shall be happy."

Dr. Annan is now a celebrated practitioner in New York. His wife is one of the queens of society. Both are brighter, and

better and happier.

Was it impulse, as she thinks, that took
Miss Eno back to Groton? Or was it something deeper of which she is not conscious?
Blind chance is but a poor explanation. At any rate, impulse or not, two lives but for it would not have been married.

One of the most surprising things in this age of wonders is, that the Turks are beginning to discuss the question of educating their females, whom they have always results of the control garded as slaves, without minds or s garded as slaves, without minds or souls.

In thick her visiting London in a letter to a newspaper in Constantinople, severely criticised the Turkish ladies of the better class, as compared with English ladies. A Turkish lady replied, admitting the truth of the charge, but laid the blame and the disgrace entirely upon the Turkish gentlemen. She demands that they give them books and female schools under competent female teachers, and then if they do not improve the opportunities for education, they may justly accuse them of "utter vanity and frivolity," and they will take the blame to themselves.

Science has been reduced to a fine point. Science has been reduced to a fine point. At the general session of the American Association for the advancement of Science, at Salem, telegraph wires, which had been put in connection with some of the patients at the City Hospital in Boston, were so manipulated as to transmit the fluctuations of their pulses, which were faithfully indicated

A new ocean telegraph is projected, from

Indian Trailers.

A gentleman who has been among the ndians of Dacotah writes as follows: I have ridden several hundred miles with an experienced guide and trailer, Hack, whom I interrogated upon many points in the practice of this art. Nearly all tracks I saw, either old or new, as a novice in the art, I questioned him about. In going to the Niobrara river we crossed the track of an Indian pony. My guide followed the track a few miles and then said, "it is a stray

a few miles and then said, "it is a stray black horse, with a long, bushy tail, nearly starved to death, has a split hoof of the left toot, and goes very lame, and has passed here early this morning." Astonished and incredulous, I asked him the reason for knowing these particulars by the tracks of the animal, when he replied, "It was a stray horse, because it did not go on in a direct line; his tail was long, for he dragged it over the snow; in brushing against a bush he left some of his hair, which shows its color. He was very hungry, for in going color. He was very hungry, for in going along, he has nipped at those high, dry weeds, which horses seldom eat. The fissure of the left fore foot left, also, its track, and the depth of the indention shows the degree of his lameness; and his tracks show he was here this morning, when the snow was hard

At another place we came across an Indian track and he said, "It is an old Yankton, who came across the Missouri last evening to look at his traps. In coming over he carried in his right hand a trap, and in his carried in his right hand a trap, and in his left a lasso to catch a pony which he had lost. He returned without finding the horse but had caught in a trap he had out, a prairie wolfe, which he carried home on his back and a bundle of kinikinic wood in his right hand."

Then he gave his reasons, "I know he is old by the impression his gait has made, and a Yankton by that of his moccassin. He is from the other side of the river, as there are no Yanktons on this side. This trap he carried struck the snow now and then, in the same manner as when he came, shows that he did not find his pony. A drop of blood in the centre of his track, shows that he car-ried a wolf on his back, and the bundle of kinikinic wood he used as a staff for sup-port, and catching a wolt, shows that he had traps out." "But," I asked "how do you know that it is a wolf, why not a fox or coyotte, or even a deer?" Said he, "If it had been a fox, or a coyotte, or any other small game, he would have slipped the head of the animal in his waist belt, and so car-ried it by his side, and not on his shoulders. Deer are not caught by traps, but if it had been a deer, he would not have crossed this high hill, but would have gone back by the way of the ravine, and the load would have

nade his steps still more tottering. Another Indian track we saw twenty miles west of this he put this serious construction apon: "He is an upper Indian-a prowling horse-thief-carried a double-barrel shot-gun, and is a rascal that killed some white man lately, and passed here one week ago; for," said he, "a lone Indian in these parts is on mischief, and generally on the lookout for horses. He had on the shoes of a white man whom he had in all probability killed. but his steps are those of an Indian. Going through the ravine, the end of his gun hit in the deep snow. A week ago, we had a very warm day, and the snow being soft he made these deep tracks; ever since it has been intensely cold weather, which makes very shallow tracks." I suggested that perhaps he bought these shoes. "Indians don't buy shoes, and if they did they would not buy them as large these were, for Indians have very small feet."

Hebrides Correspondent of the London Times Wonderful Fish Story-An Army of Whales off the Hebrides Islands-The Islanders Turn Out by Hundreds
—The Most Successful Whale
Fishery on Record.

This morning, at about 3 o'clock, while sleeping on board my yacht in Stornoway harbor, I was awoke by a loud noise of men shouting and hammering near the vacht. went on deck immediately, when I observed a number of men in three or four boats attemting to drive a shoal of large fish (numbering perhaps 200) toward the shore. The fish, which were evidently of the whale species, were blowing, and constantly rising to the surface of the water; they turned to ward the sea, and were closely followed by the boats, which shortly turned them again toward the mouth of the harbor. The movement was repeated several times, and after a while some other boats, well manned, appeared. The scene now became still more interest

ing, for the whales, being more hardly pressed, made a brilliant dash toward the sea, going away at a terrific pace in a straight course for the open sea; the speed appeared to be nothing less than forty miles an hour, the water rising in misty foam as they cut their way through it. The course the whales were taking left little hope for the success of their pursuers, but coming suddenly upon a point of land which shoal-ed the water, a turn to the right brought them again in the direction of the harbor; an hour or two soon passed, and the fishermen of Stornoway becoming aware of what was going on, began to join in the chase, and a dozen boats were soon in pursuit, the whales now making way for the distant part of the bay, and again baffled by the projecting points of land bending the course of the deep water, returned upon their pur-

suers again and again.

It was now nearly 9 o'clock, and it appeared as if every human being in the town were bent on making the capture of so valuable a prize. Boats containing men, women and children flocked to the scene of action. and soon fifty rowing and sailing boats were engaged in the chase, and as the rowers became exhausted by the tremendous exertions of long continued and fast rowing of heavy boats, they were relieved by relays from the people on the shore; the numerous fisher-men who first joined the sport were now replaced by bakers, butchers, masons, carpen-ters, women and children. The shops were closed and the town deserted; and so the hunt continued. So 10, 11, 12 and 1 o'clock came, and certainly, if the inhabitants of these islands are as persevering and as inde-fatigable always as they have proved themselves to day, they deserve to be the most prosperous people in the world. Not an instant were the whales permitted

to rest; continually harrassed, from having been timid in the extreme when first attack ed, they now became careless of their ene my, and allowed themselves to be struck by the ears as they rushed past the boats to es-cape from the various creeks into which they had been pressed. At 3 o'clock P. M., they were dislodged from a position which they had maintained for some hours in a distant part of the bay or outer harbor Again they made several attempts to escape, but by an unlucky turn they rushed ove shoal ground, and now the most exciting time of the day came. Maddened by the difficulty of moving in shallow water, the whales dashed frantically from side to side. raising the sea into violent breakers, as though a gale had disturbed the water, rocking the small trading vessels to and fro as they approached.

The boats now began to come up in numbers. the whales were blinded by the commotion they had created, thickening the shallow

water. Having kept closely united during the whole day, the shoal now became divided; they seemed, as it were, to become at once bewildered, and allowed themselves to be goaded by the boats to the shore, to be dispatched one by one by the fishermen. I will not attempt to describe what is still going on; suffice it to say that, as far as I can judge, and from the opinion of the fishermen, that there will be at least 300 whales taken; half that number are already

whales taken; half that number are already killed, and as many more are safe within the harbor. The whales are, I believe all of one kind, known as the bottle-nose species; they measure in length from ten feet to twenty-one feet. The fishermen will make a great gain by this prize, and they will deserve it. The chase from the first until the whales were driven within the inner harbor, lasted upward of thirteen hours, commencing at 2 o'clock, A. M., and the first being killed soon after 3 P. M. It is said to be seventeen years since a shoal of whales has entered this bay so far. The event of to-day has been the most exciting event of to-day has been the most exciting thing I have ever seen-a scene seldom wit Since writing the above, I learn that 175 whales are already killed. The value, I understand, is estimated at upward of £700. A few days ago Pierre Læntachæu, a young Frenchman, was killed by a Chippe-wa Indian, in Benton county, Minnesota. The young man in wrestling had thrown

their pulses, which were faithfully indicated by the click of the instruments in the hall, and by the aid of a magnesium light the exact motion of the blood was depicted by a little circle of light cast upon a darkened wall. After this, it was demonstrated to the ear by the ringing of two little telegraphic bells, showing the two different sounds of the beating heart.

The young man in wresting had thrown the Indian, and in revenge soon after, while engaged in a game of cards, the murderer took the opportunity when Pierre's head was bent forward, and came from behind, and struck a downward blow with a large hunting knife, hitting Pierre on the front of the head, driving the knife to the handle in his brain, killing him instantly. The Indian is one of the party that killed two lumbermen on Run river, and was let off with a new blanket and gum for his let off with a new bianket and gun for

THE PATENT

PALMER ARM AND LEG

THESE celebrated artificial limbs are again brought to the attention of the Medical Faculary and people of the South by the Original Inventor. They have been twenty-three years before the public, and have secured, both in this country and Europe, the unqualified endorsement of the MOST DISTINGUISHED SURGEONS OF THE WORLD, MORE THAN A HUNDRED OF WHOM TAYS GIVEN PUBLIC TRETIMONY. THE WORLD.

The Society de Chirurgie of Paris, perhaps the first surgical tribunal of the world, after twelve years investigation, pronounced decidedly in layor of the unquestioned superiority of the Palmer

FIFTY GOLD and SILVER MEDALS (or "first rizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS, have been awarded

Dr. Palmer directs the manufacture of his Patent Lke and Anm, sided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the Government, and has the patronage of the prominent Officers of the Army and Navy. TWENTY GENERALS, North and South, and more than a thousand leas distinguished officers and soldiers of north Anmies, have worn the Palmer Limbs on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civillans are, by their and, filling important positions, and effectually concealing their misfortune—the whole number reaching Ten Thousand Persons Wearing Palmer Limbs.

OFFICE SUP. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITALS, CINCINNATI, OHIO, March 15th, 1866. Having acted as Medical Director during thre years of the war, it became my duty to give or lers for artificial limbs to mutilated soldiers and as DR. B. F. PALMER'S LIMBS were great and as DR. B. F. PALMER'S LIMBS were greatly preferred, a large majority of the orders were given on him to furnish the necessary limbs. So lar as my knowledge extends, the limbs turnished by Dr. Palmer have given most satisfaction, and this also is the testimony of Lospital stewards and non-commissioned officers on duty at the various hospitals in my charge, who have had opportunities of seeing the men after they had received and used the limbs furnished to them; and I have therefore no hesitation in saying that, in my opinion, they are preferable to all others.

WM. S. KING.

Browet Colonel and Surgeon U. S. A. Brevet Colonel and Surgeon, U. S. A.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 4, 1866.

DR. B. FRANK PALMER—Dear Sir:—It afford me much pleasure to acknowledge the great success of your professional treatment in my case which is one of the most difficult kind to treat which is one of the most difficult kind to treat, my foot being amputated by the Chopart method. The mechanism is complete in all respects—light, comfortable and strong—and I walk perfectly. I am convinced, after careful examination of a great number of patents, that the Palmer limbs are superior to all others, and strongly recommend the adoption of them by my mutilated comrades of the South, iceling assured that no other manufacturer can produce a limb so perfect.

Very respectfully,

J. G. MORRISON,

A. D. C. to the late Genl. T. J. Jackson.

Imputation three luches below Knee---Leg worn Twelve Years without Repairs-Side Knee-Joints not worn out in that time.

BOYKIN's DEPOT, Southampton Co., Va. BOYKIN'S DEPOT, Southampton Co., Va. Dr. B. Frank Palmer—Dear Sir:—It affords me the utmost pleasure to inform you that I have worn one of your Patent Legs during the last twelve years, with a satisfaction that has been wholly beyond my expectations. The limb has given no pain or trouble in all that time. I walk with perfect case and comfort, without a cane, and a person not acquainted would not notice lameness. It is a remarkable fact that the limb has had no repairs, except a little attention given to it by myzelf, in twelve years; and it is now in such good state of preservation, that I think exsuch good state of preservation, that I think expending ten dollars on it will put it into good walking condition. The new limb which you have just supplied I find even more perfect in it action.

Your very ob't servant,

E. ARTHUR HART.

PENDLETON, Anderson Co., S. C., April 24, '66. DR. B. FRANK PALMER—Dear Sir:—I am happy to inform you that the trial I have now given to inform you that the trial I have now given your Patent Leg, leaves me no reason to doubt that it deserves all that has been said in its praise. I am convinced that it is the BEST Patent Leg in the world, and I shall be glad to learn that my mutilated friends in the South are so fortunate as to select this incomparable substitute. My limb was amputated within two inches of the knee, in consequence of a wound received in battle in front of Richmond. On the first trial of the Palmer Leg, I was able to walk without a cane, and with the utmost comfort and facility. I shall avail myself of an early opportunity to show the limb to Governor Orr, from whom I had the honor to receive an introduction to you, and I am sure the Governor will gladly recognize the great superiority of your beneficent invention, and send others to you for relief

Very truly, your obedient servant, RICHARD LEWIS, Capt. Co. B. Palmetto (S. C.) Sharpshoo

PALMER ARM. CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 24, 1866.

FRANK PALMER, LL. D., No. 1609 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia DEAR SIR :- When about to leave your city in DEAR SIR:—When about to leave your city in December last, you desired me to communicate the degree of success I should attain in the use of your "Artificial Arm." I now do so with pleasure; first, because it is but just that you should enjoy the benefits which properly ought to accrue to the exertion of ingenuity so humane in its designs and beneficial in its results to the maimed; and because the benefit I continue to empty from its use places me under collections. mained; and occause the benefit i continue to enjoy from its use, places me under obligations to the author of so great a boon to man. I am free, therefore, to say in all candor that your Arm is a decided success, and affords me conveniences and comforts quite beyond my most sanguine expectations. I was a staff officer in the late Confedents for the convenience of the confedents of the c tations. I was a staff officer in the late Confederate States army; was wounded in the left arm on 3d April, 1865, and suffered its amputation on May 8th following. My stump is only two and a hali inches long. Your Arm was attached December 22d, since which time I have worn it every day, and frequently at night while asleep, without the slightest inconvenience or annoyance. I believe it to be superior to any which I have yet heard of. With its ald I manage easily a round rule in keeping a set of books, and the ordinary silver fork at table. It serves to keep my paper in position while writing, and grasps a watch with sufficient firmness when winding it up. It is easily gloved and ungloved. In fine, I enjoy many uses from it which, to the untutored, would seem impossible. You are at entire liberty to use this letter in such manner as you desire.

Captain, &c., &c. [We know, from experience, the value of this limb, and have no hesitation in recommending it to the public as the best now in use.—En. or STANDARD. To avoid FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS (many of

B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D., ·1609 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia july 30 497d2aw—&w3m

NORTH CAROLINA LAND COMPANY FOR THE LOCATION OF Northern and European Settlers.

FOR THE SALE OF Improved Farms, Timber and Mineral Lands, Houses, Mines, Water Powers, &c. Also of

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RALEIGH, N. C.

OFFICERS: R. W. BEST, Sec. & Treas. DIRECTORS AT RAILEIGH:
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Col. GEO. LITTLE, "U. S. Marshal
GEO. W. SWEPSON, Raleigh Nations. Bank.
R. KINGSLAND, late of New York City.

DIRECTORS AT NEW YORK : A. J. BLEBCKER, Agent at New York and Bo ton, 77 Cedar Street, New York City. aug 3 404—d&w3m

JOHNSTON COUNTY. -Before CHAS. H. SNEAD J. P. J. J. Overby,

Attachment.

C. M. Propes.

THE above named Plaintiff complains, and alleges, that the Defendant, C. M. Propes, is indebted to him in the sum of Eleven Dollars and Ninety Cents (\$11.00), due for goods sold and delivered, and ceats and expenses of Warrant of Attachment, issued and returnable before Chas. H. Suead, Esq., a Justice of the Peace for Johnston county, at his office in the town of Smithfield, on the 20th day of September next, when and where the Defendant

Raleigh National Bank of North Caro lina. THE Directors have resolved to increase the Capital Stock of this Bank to FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. Persons wishing to subscribe to the same will please communicate with C. DEWEY, Presd't.

A PROCLAMATION, BY HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. HOLDEN

Executive Department of North Carolina,
RALEIGH, August 20th, 1800.

WHEREAS, Official information has been excited at this Department that a vaccinate of the control of the Senate of North Carolina.

Now, therefore I, W. W. HOLDEN, Governor of the State of North Carolina, by virtue of an thority vested in me by Section 15, Article 2 as the State Constitution, do issue this Procianation, ordering an election to be held on Thurston, ordering an election to be held on the part of the purpose of chosen in a Senator from the said District in placed J. W. Osborne, deceased.

Done at our City of Raleigh this the 20st four thyear of our Independence.

W. W. HOLDEN, Governer.

W. W. HOLDEN, Governer.

By the Governor:
W. R. RICHARDSON, Private Secretary.
498—Itawtdwig

A PROCLAMATION, BY HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. HOLDEY.

Executive Department of North Carolina,
RALEIGH, August 20th, 1870.

WHEREAS, Official information has been received at this Department that a vacuary exists in the representation from the Stil Schrotial District in the Senate of North Carolina. Now, therefore I, W. W. HOLDEN, Govern of the State of North Carolina, by virtue of the State of North Carolina, by virtue of the State Constitution, do issue this Proclamation, ordering an election to be held on Thursday, October 7th, 1869, for the purpose of chooling a Senator from the said District in place of D. J. Rich, deceased.

Done at our City of Raleigh this 20th district in of August, 1869, and in the ninety-fourth year of our Independent. of August, 1869, and in the ninety fourth year of our Independence. W. W. HOLDEN, GOVERNOR

By the Governor:
W. R. RICHARDSON, Private Secretary,
lawdidwig ALFRED WILLIAMS WILL CONTINUE THE BOOK AND STATIONERY BUSINESS ON his own account, and will keep constantly on hand a large stock of School, Standard and Miscellaneous Book, Music, Account and Blank Books, Fine Pulpit and Family Photograph Bibles, Testaments, Prayer and Hymn Books, Albums, Photographs and splendid

CHROMO PICTURES, Stationery in great variety,
Perfumery, Soap and Fancy Articles,
Together with every article usually kept in the
look and Stationery line.
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ALL NEW AND DESIRABLE. (having no old stock,) and suited to the present wants of the trade, all of which will be sold a orices as low as can be bad of any house in the He will furnish any book at PUBLISHER'S PRICES,

and will procure any book not on hand on the shortest notice. Orders are solicited and will meet with promp ALFRED WILLIAMS, WILLIAMS & LAMBETH

Agent for Wilcox & Gibbs' Sewing Machin june 9 36-w&d3n

SNOW CAMP FOUNDRY S. DIXON & CO. Iron-Founders, Mill-Wrights and Machinists Snow Camp P. O., Alamance Co., N. C.,

Are Manufacturing Improved Horse-Powers and Threshers, Straw Cutters, Corn-Shellers, Cane Mills, Saw and Grist Mill Irons of every Description, Shatting, Polleys, Gearing, &c. Also, are Manufacturing an Improved Turbine Water Wheel Which at no distant day, it is believed will supercede the Overshot-Wheel in most cituations, where economy, durability and efficiency are properly considered.

the propulsion of machinery, are particularly requested to give this Wheel an examination be-fore sending their money North for one not so good.
This Company is an association of Practical Mechanics, who have been engaged in this por-ticular business for more than TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, and are qualified from long training, and practical experience, to make thorough work of any job entrusted to their care; together with the LOW PRICES at which work has been put under the ready-pay system, lately inaugustal in this country, will make it to the intest of those wanting any thing in our line to give the

those wanting any thing in our line to give we call. STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. CHOWAN COUNTY. Superior Court.

Jno. M. Goodwin, by Plaintiff, Elisha J. Barkot Guardian, against M. D. Hathaway, Defendan, —Attachment. —Attachment.

If appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that a cause of action exists in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendant, for the sum of Eleven Hundred and Eleven dollars and one cent, due by bond dated 1st July, 1860, and payable one day after date; that summons in said cause has been issued against said defendant, returnable to this Court, and that said Hathaway is a non-resident of this fatter ordered that publication be made Court, and that said Hathaway is a non-resider of this State, ordered that publication be mad four successive weeks in the Raleigh STANDAM notifying said defendant te appear and answers the Court House in Edenton on the lat September next, or judgment will then and there becomes the court of the court o Witness Wm. R. Skinner, Clerk of said Court

Witness Wm. R. Skinner, Ciera of Said at office in Edenton, this 1st day of Aug., 180 Wm. R. SKINNER, Clerk, 22—wiw. ang 16. STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA Bertie County.

Superior Court.—To Fall Term.

Sarah W. Jarvis against Louis N. Jarvis-Actio for Divorce. IN THIS CASE it appears that defendant IN THIS CASE it appears that defendant is not a resident of the State of North Carolina. It is ordered by the Court that advertisement be made for six months in the North Carolina Standard notifying the defendent Lewis N. Javis to appear at October Term of Bertie Suprior Court 1868, beginning the first monday is October and then and there appear and answer and show cause to the contrary or a decree for divorce from the bonds of matrimony will be entered against him.

Witness Wm. P. Gurley, Clark of said Court Witness Wm. P. Gurley, Clerk of said Court

aug 20. CONSUMPTIVES

WILLIAM P. GURLEY, Clerk

It is authentically stated that one-fifth of t no disease upon which exists a greater diversity of opinion and no disease which has more completely baffled all medical skill and remedial agencies.

Some of the prominent symptoms are Cough.

Some of the prominent symptoms are Cough, Expectoration, Shortness of Breath Irritation about the Lungs and Chest, darting, Pains in the Sides and Back, Emaciation, and general negative condition of the whole system.

Persons suffering with this dread disease, or any of its concomitants, should lose no time in possessing themselves of the proper Remedy, in order that they may stay its ravages, and be restored to health. The REV. E. A. WILSON'S

Prepared Prescription for the Cure of Cusumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Coughs, Colds, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS by the use of which he was restored to health

by the use of which he was restored to have
the weeks, after having suffered several ye
with a severe lung affection and that dread
ease, Consumption, has now been in use over
years with the most marked success.
This Remedy is prepared from the originate of the control of the A. WILSON, 165 South 2d Street, Williams
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A Pamphlet containing the original Prescription with full and explicit directions for preparation and use, together with a short history of the case with symptoms, experience and cure, can is obtained (free of charge) of Mr. Wilson, as above or by calling on or addressing
WILLIAMS & HAYWOOD,
Descripts, Rafeigh, N. C.

AT RICHMOND.

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA. THE next Annual Course of Lectures will commence on the FIRST MONDAY in October, 1869, and continue until the 1st of March following. The organization of the school is now more complete than at any former period, with following. The organization of the school is now more complete than at any former period, with ample means for the illustration of the lectures in the several departments. CLINICAL INSTRUCTION at the College Infarmary, Howard's Grove Hospital, and City Alms-houses.

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ntion, \$30.

Board, \$20 to \$30 per month. For a copy of Board, \$20 to \$30 per month. For a copy of Board, \$20 per month.

when and where the Defendant is required to appear and answer the complaint.

Dated 23d day of August, 1809.

J. J. OVERBY, Plaintiff.

aug 26

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Cure Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Indigestion
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e annual announcement, containing full pulars, address L. S. JOYNES, M. D., aug 7—w6w Dean of the Faculty DR. GODDIN'S COMPOUND

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